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THE DESTINY OF POETRY.

THE career of poetry through time has been likened to morning, noon, and evening—youth, manhood, and old age. First, morning, fresh, fragrant, cool—the early dusky twilight—then the red break in the orient and floods of warm light streaming through the opening clouds—the flowers, and waving masses of green foliage drooping with dew—the songs of birds and hum of gorgeous insects—the buz of swarming bees preparing to go forth to the honeyed chambers of field flowers—all nature waking from the dream of glimmering stars and chanting grateful hymns to God. Then noon's oppressive heat—languishing blossoms, dusty foliage—burning sand glittering in the sultry sunshine—the parched fields—the black cloud distent with thunder slowly rising in dusky wreathes from the horizon towards the zenith, then suddenly falling in cool, thick showers revivifying the woods and fields. The quick flashes of lightning, gleaming along the clouds, the sharp rolling peals of thunder, the gentle breeze the sun bursting through the clouds panoplied in splendor—the painful glare from glittering grass and trees—the burning heat. Next, evening, with pleasant shades, humming birds and dappled millers or strong winged chafers fluttering among the flowers—the long shadows of pines stretching over the hills—the

setting sun gleaming through the thick foliage—the birds chirping before they seek their woody homes in the distant forests—a soft and lovely tranquillity reigning around, whose joyful, dreamy influence the soul cannot resist. Then night in whose dark vortex the beauty and sublimity of day is hurled—the stars veiled by black, storm-distinct clouds—no moon—utter obliteration of the beautiful. The allegory presents a true picture of that gloomy fate allotted to imagination—the poet-laureate of mind. Her youth, says one, was spent among the wild glens of Greece, midst the green splendor of Italian groves, in the beautiful simplicity of the vintage dance among merry wassailers and blushing maids on bright moonlight nights. Others say she hovered over the battle fields of France with weeping Liberty or at Bannockburn pointed with prophetic finger, oracular soul, to a happy land in futurity where Freedom would no longer writhe beneath the tortures of oppression. They say she spent the last days of her youth and beauty with Lalla Rookh, feasting on dates in the green bowers of Persian scenery—winding her way on white sand roads through the cool and leafy vistas of dark oriental forests—by majestic rivers listening to the enchanting strains of poetic music that floated from the harp and soul of the royal minstrel. They tell us she now reveals herself the noble matron of the nineteenth century, scorning the youthful sports of other days and cringing on utilitarianism. By such, imagination is looked on more as an accomplishment derived from the superstitions of an early age than as a high creative power, the noblest gift of Nature. Bold anathemas more daring than the ancient thunders of the old rotten Papacy under Leo the Xth, have been pronounced against it by disappointed writers of mongrel verses. The moment such authors, who imagined themselves to be excellent poets, discover that their productions are worthless and a bore to the public—the moment they discover that their ideas are prosy, floating particles of illumined dust that they through the blindness of an intolerable self-love imagined to be sunbeams; the moment they discover this an indiscriminate war is waged with all imaginative authors, and nought will please them but something *sound—deep*, argumentative prose, which nine out of

ten of such gentry cannot perfectly understand or have no cultivated taste to enjoy. Hence mediocrity of such a stamp has helped to swell the chorus of the discontented. They have pronounced imagination to be a baneful sorceress, leading youth by love-potions from the real to the fictitious, and leaving him in ideal misery. In a word poetry to them is a creation of sentimental absurdities incapable of affecting good. Such men in many cases are misguided, either by want of discernment or inexcusable prejudice. They have mistaken "songs of Freedom" for true poetry—those contemptible, rhymed, fugitive, nonsensical effusions, with which we are flooded by the daily press, and to the production of which many authors resort to receive applause and perhaps a little pecuniary aid from those worst of men, the abolitionists. Many characters of this description desiring to be monopolist authors in light literature, apply the goad of criticism to the poor poet, either on account of envy, selfishness, or because they are incapable of appreciating his pathos or beauty.

"Poetry is the language of Passion and Imagination"—thesincere gushing emotions of the heart, and brilliant visions of a warm imagination, harmoniously blended. Life is poetry! So intimately is it interwoven with our existence, and so closely is it connected with the affairs of the world, that it is impossible for even dullness to escape its influence. The foaming torrent—the wild flowers—the beggar in his tattered rags—the prince midst courtly splendor—the pirate gloating over the blood of an enemy—the dusty, weary pedlar travelling on some solitary road with his pack of wares on his back—the little child tossing a rose on the grave of a mother—the busy crowds hurry through the thoroughfares of some great city are all poetry. There are many who imagine that poetry consists merely of metrical composition. *Of this class there is quite a number*, composed principally of those who are wrongly styled practical men or utilitarians, and whose leisure moments are idly spent at the counting desk, listening to the delightful clink of the dollar, or dreaming out some speculation by which they may increase the glitter of their "silver heaps." The miser weeping at the bed of his dying

child, whose soul is softened by the plentiful tears that trickle down his sallow cheeks, never once imagines that the cause of his watered eyes, was the poetry of his soul breaking through the hard crust of avarice, and responding in tears to the touching scene of poetry before him. He would term his brother miser counting over gold in the midnight closet, by the feeble light of a wax candle, midst dirty leather bags, "a real practical fellow—clever, sensible man." He would not dream that he himself was a particle of degraded humanity, nor think that miserly scenes were poetical. The prejudiced and ignorant rustic, may behold sublimity in the foaming dashing torrent that tumbles over the ledge of slippery rocks, and may be elevated by the prospect, but ask him if poetry was the cause of his dreamy enthusiasm, and he would reply "I see no verses written on those liquid sheets!" He might behold the circled rainbow glimmering on the sprayey brow of falling waters, but it would be impossible to convince him of the presence of poetry. Yet let the first of these read the "Holy Child," and the other "Childe Harold," and the same delight would result to the latter, and sadness to the former. Things of *Heaven*, and not those of *Earth*—the *spiritual* and not the material constitute the real. Produce a poem describing the scenes, and characters and actions and containing the speeches of Hell's spirits, and a similar one describing Heaven, and humanity would gaze on a poem swelling with thoughts infinitely more sublime than any of which the great Milton ever dreamed, an ideal poem of which no finite mind could ever conceive. We have every reason to believe and none to doubt, that the soul's existence after death is one of poetry, writhing torment or angel happiness sublimed to perfection, and enduring through eternity. *This* is true reality. Material things are not strictly real, but are faint symbols of Heavenly grandeur. The world with all its gorgeous splendor, is but a faint shadow of the holiness, happiness and beauty of Heaven; and the works of our greatest poets, but an imperfect transcription of God's more sublime and etherial works. Intensify the virtues of the human soul until it becomes ideal, exclude sin

and purify earth of its material grossness, and you transform the world into a heaven. It required all the gorgeous imagery which a divinely inspired soul commanded, in order to depict the grandeur of the future world, a reality the description of which is so poetical, that many mainly on this account have rejected the Bible as a cunningly devised fable. Yet no one can doubt its authenticity, or in consequence of this that the distinctions between *poetical* and *real* will be destroyed after death. As civilization approaches nearer to perfection, we discover those wild dreams of its future splendor, once thought visionary, becoming realized. In Oliver Evans of the 18th century we see the great conjurer of fanciful visions, the hero of dreamers. A half century passes by and we behold the far-seeing prophet of our present wealth and prosperity, and bow in admiration to his genius. As civilization rolls on gathering new splendors, when it is perfected by universal christianity, the most extravagant dreams of the imagination will be realized, and poets will revel in the luxury of that perfection, of which they long before prophesied, and will string their harps to sing of the holy sublimity of a coming Heaven, will bask in the ideal splendor of earth made perfect, will walk amidst the busy throngs of christians dreaming of the nobler beauty of celestial scenery and the sublimer virtues of celestial beings. Poetry is an attribute of the soul. It is embodied in all the softer and sterner passions, and those sublime scenes in the life of our Saviour. The pathetic poetry breathed by Omniscience to weeping disciples, not only confirms this, but also proves that it owes not its existence or perpetuity to a superstitious and ignorant age: utilitarians with vulgar and mistaken prejudice may clamor for what they are pleased to term facts, may condemn the beauties of Milton, may reject the elevating and moralizing influences of poetry and allow their souls to rust midst "facts" until every virtue, every noble feeling is eaten out, may allow themselves to live on in the indolent luxury of uncultivated minds and hearts, scorning the poetical plodder that glories midst his dusty rags in some dark garret, but the hisses of dullness will by no means throw an obstacle in the

way of a poet's immortality, or impede the triumphant progress of his thoughts through the souls of others. The imagination which is principally concerned in the production of poetry is in some respects identical with reason. Imagination conceives an argument but reason applies it to an appropriate use. Hence more or less imagination is necessary to the logician. There are many who may reason in mathematics, where the mind is trained to follow in a certain path but on any other subject they become sadly deficient. Hence also it is necessary that all scientific men should possess a powerful imagination, in order to conceive of a theory or to invent some new argument in favor of a theory. The province of reason is merely to grasp a conception and apply it. And after all this faculty, taken in the sense which it is commonly used, is but close attention combined with judgment. If a more general definition be given, imagination will be included. Imagination is a higher order of thought, reason a lower, or in its common acceptation a mere application of thought. We would define imagination to be that faculty which conceives, the thinking element, that includes within its province the whole range of thought. Imagination seems to be identical with memory, or rather imagination may be defined as memory suddenly inflamed, set in violent motion and conjuring a thousand brilliant images and demanding their expression, overflowing the soul with the eloquence of the past, and constraining it to give expression to its excited feelings. This faculty as we have defined it, combined with a peculiar sensitive, nervous temperament is what constitutes genius. A person may possess a powerful memory and yet little imagination, owing to some defect in the physical constitution, owing to the want of that motive power which sets the memory to work, causes it to dream, to soar through a heaven of beautiful visions. Who has not thought of home, in midnight slumber, when perhaps he was far off from his native city, or who has ever imagined he was home? He who has done this has merely exercised his memory! If this reasoning be correct, thought is also identical with imagination, because thought consists in images conjured in the soul's presence by an active and excited memory. We may

imagine an event to take place in the future, but does not this event consist totally in remembrance? Is it not made of the images of objects which we have seen during life? If this be true we cannot avoid the conclusion that it is memory set in motion by some sudden impulse. Hence the reasoning faculty in its most *literal sense*, is imagination regulated by sound judgment, and directed by close attention to certain premises from which we draw inferences or conclusions. When our constitution is of such an order that the memory is easily excited, (and this excitement we think is produced by sensitiveness or deep feelings,) the imagination becomes transcendent, continually roaming through ideal regions, and producing that mental abstraction characteristic of the poet, that want of attention, necessary to argumentation and the formation of an excellent judgment. Hence he who possesses a sensitive temperament which is so great as to continually excite the memory, should cultivate attention and judgment in order that the mental faculties may be balanced. In what this impulse which memory receives consists we are unable to determine. We can only approximate to it, we term it sensitiveness which may be combined with some other quality of whose properties we are ignorant. The intensity of imagination cannot be increased by cultivation, because it is owing to this peculiar feeling with which we are endowed by nature. An imagination which is so limited as to produce merely a fanciful poem, cannot by any education produce a sublime one, but may produce compositions of great versatility by storing the memory with varied knowledge. Hence education will not impair the imagination, but on the contrary will furnish it with taste and judgment to guide it in its operations, and by affording the greatest amount of knowledge, a vast variety of materials to memory, will enable the imagination to extend its researches, to compose poems of the greatest variety, but a sublimity, not exceeding the natural sensitiveness on which imagination is dependent. Imagination arises from natural genius, and generally includes reason, which may be improved by long continued and assiduous cultivation. The possession of a vivid imagination presupposes, the profoundest

reasoning powers. The imaginative being more susceptible of the external world than others, acquire more ideas and those of more original cast. Reason in the sense commonly used, revels in abstract theories, delights in prosy facts or clings to the more material. Imagination elevates itself to regions of ideal beauty, basks in glittering splendor delighting in the luxuries of fiction and delusion. The latter is but a higher order of thought, including the former. The eagle which soars toward the sun until it seems like a cloud speck floating on the blue, can as readily glide over the dusky scenes of earth, as among the golden mists of heaven. The gorgeous clouds that roll their lazy splendor around the sun, may for the moment allure him thither, cause him to plunge midst their golden floods and scorn earth, yet to earth he must resort for subsistence. So with the mind. It may bask in ideal glory, yet it must deal with the real. It may gaze on the sunlike grandeur of ideality; but its gaze must not be continual. It must at times resort to the more homely scene of earth, of reality, or the dazzling sublimity will dim the mental vision, produce the blindness of lunacy, envelope it in oblivious darkness. Again if the poetical faculty declines as civilization advances, the taste for its enjoyment will decline. The same faculties that enable us to compose a poem, are necessary to the appreciation of its beauties.

Now if civilization tends to destroy the imagination, it will certainly sweep every vestige of poetry from the world in the course of time. For if a taste for poetry no longer exists, poetry itself will gradually fade away, both being inseparable and dependent on the same principles. Such a conclusion we are compelled to reject as an absurdity, yet to such are we led by this new fangled philosophy of the nineteenth century. The most worldly hearts are not proof against the pathetic appeals of poetry. And why? What is it that strikes the marble hearted miser with awe and softens his selfish soul, when he strolls in the shady grove, the dense, solitary forest, blooming with a thousand wild and fragrant blossoms, silent, solemn, grand! Even in the meditations of the cold, skeptical philosopher, poetry finds entrance. Some of the most beautiful hypotheses in

science are full of poetry, and in no branch is this more evident than in astronomy. What grandeur in the hypothesis of gravitation? Innumerable star-worlds spangling the azure rolling through the blue void, in silent harmony, and held in their airy position and bound to a common centre by an Invisible Being, whose power is as boundless as the blazing fields of suns and stars which he has scattered through space to show forth His glory to man.

What infinite grandeur in the conception? What language could express the beauty of the stars? Beyond the power of word or thought, too great a theme even for the poet—our Father seems to have placed them there, the great poem of space—an open volume ever glittering with ideals of the sublime which man could read in his evening walk—on the creation of which he could reflect and reason and come to *the grand conclusion the existence of God!* O there is a power, a sublime pathos in poetry which none but he who has wept hot tears of sorrow on the graves of the dead—none but he who has gazed on a suffering, bleeding friend weltering in the blood of a battle field, or the glassy eye, the flushed, hectic cheek, the pallid lips of the dying, the marbled brow of the dead, beautiful in death, has felt! There is a grandeur which none but he who has walked beneath the dark vault of the still midnight, trembling with its thousand pale lamps, or has seen those stars struggling against the grey light of dawn, or dying away in pallid obscurity beneath the red flashes of morning—none but he who has seen this has felt! There is a power which can calm the souls of the sad, soothe the pangs of the broken heart, and even soften the marble heart of blooded War, sheathe his uplifted sword, change the course of his showered death shots, and withhold his wrathful desolation from villages and cities, and lighten his iron tramp over the vineyard and harvest field!

In the history of every nation we seem to be blessed with poetical periods, and these periods are invariably accompanied with the highest degrees of civilization, as the Augustan age or the age of Milton, in which Civil Liberty no longer crouched beneath the glance of that primitive oppression, which had lived

beyond its age, and which showed the weakness of hoary years under the Charles's. The despotic power with which imagination seems to sway the mind in an uncivilized age may produce pictures of sublime terror and horror. Superstition may produce poetry of great beauty, but it will be checkered with the most glaring deformities. The poet under such circumstances is always deficient in taste and judgment and is wholly dependent on an uncultivated and undeveloped mind, circled with the most degrading superstition, and consequently his imagination excited and laboring under the most absurd delusions, unrestrained by reason, judgment or taste, without that experience which abounds in a civilized age, paints the most terrifying and disgusting scenes; as the wounded human trees streaming with blood and shrinking from the touch—witches and ghosts—the burning horrors of hell, the pools of boiling pitch in which sinners were thrown; scenes which characterize Dante. It is true there are many passages in this noble poet of the greatest elegance and sublimity, but they are polluted with scenes of the most loathsome sort. Reading a description of the wide forests of human trees, and then that of Paradise, where

"The sweetest oriental sapphire blue,
Which the whole air in its pure bosom had
Greeted mine eyes, far as the Heavens withdrew,"

is like emerging from a battle field covered with mangled, goary, festering carcases, to a beautiful grove where every blossomed spray seems to warble perfumed music, checkered with cool streams and canopied with calm, blue orient skies. Even in the most pathetic passages of Dante we discover scenes of sublime disgust from which the mind revolts. There are many poets of antiquity, we are aware, to whom these remarks will not apply, but a few exceptions to a general rule will not destroy the soundness or efficiency of an argument. The objection that poetry of a higher kind does not exist among the educated classes is fallacious. The vast majority of the English poets according to Chambers were educated men, and the greatest were the most learned. It is immaterial whether genius is nursed in the collegiate shades or spends early life in a peasant's garb—

a dreaming shepherd attending his flocks among rocky steeps and woody hills. If the true poetical excellence exists in the man, education will but expand and strengthen his mind. We may not be blessed with another "Inferno," fraught with those wild, unearthly horrors, which superstition taught the old peacemaker to view as realities; but the world is yet to be greeted by new Homers and new Miltons, perhaps of far higher merit than the great old Grecian, or even than that blind old poet who gladly tottered to his grave (himself a living tomb, grey and crumbling with age) breathing bitter curses against those proud tyrants who endeavored to crush his fair idol—Liberty; regardless of the scorns and hisses showered at his back by an ungrateful world—a world that could not appreciate his noble exertions in behalf of freedom, nor his immortal writings eloquent with those great "thoughts that wander through eternity." At the present day the writing of good verses is numbered among the accomplishments and is considered as a necessary adjunct to a liberal education. The mongrel who weekly appears in the newspaper, in the age of Pope or Swift would have been esteemed as a great poet. "Distance lends enchantment to the view," so time has given importance to the writings of those who in the present day would be deemed ephemeral and worthless. Civilization creates among the masses a taste for all refined, instructive or intellectual amusements—literature, fine arts, poetry, natural scenery. It teaches us how to value the beauty of our mountains, rivers, and forests. The rustic of the Highlands would not be as sensible to the loveliness of those soft landscapes, towering mountains, deep gorges, well watered woodlands, romantic lakes and fruitful ravines, as the educated gentleman. He would not view those far-stretching forests of hazel, hickory or elm, those vast ranges of mountains as among the noblest and most beautiful of created things. The tall green grass that waves beneath the warm sunshine, over far extending valleys would excite emotions not of the soul but of the stomach, similar to those of a hungry ox. Its beauty to him would consist in its fitness for pasturing cattle, and so anxious would he be to see his flocks grazing on the woody valley, so strong would be his

delight, and sympathy in viewing the browsing ox as he gratified his appetite on the meadow grass, that a similar emotion would result to the rustic. He would see no loveliness in the sloping hill or vale, farther than the fertility of the soil, its adaptation to grazing or producing grain, the usefulness of its tall hickories or branching elms for fire wood or for constructing a log cabin. But how different with the man of knowledge and refinement? Not a tree or flower would escape his attention. The blossom would be analysed and pressed for botanical purposes. A fragment of some curious rock or a beautiful pebble from the brook would find its way into his cabinet of minerals. The silent grandeur of the snow storm, the calm loveliness of the lake, winding far through dense forests, its margin blooming with groups of lilies, the banks partially concealed by clumps of green trees, the summer breeze humming through the pine tops and bending their slender trunks—the swelling canvass descried afar off on the ruffled waters, the mountains looming up in the hazy distance, the huge grey rocks overhung with moss, near it the dilapidated cottage covered with a netting of honey soe, its leaves enwreathed with gay flowers, the blue smoke gracefully curling up to the heavens from its sooty chimney half buried in heavy masses of foliage—all, by a skilful hand would be marked on the canvass, to adorn his parlor. His garden would consist in a series of beautiful and varied landscapes. No axe would resound through the forests laying wide towering groves in withered ruin. An ignorant man, or one to whom the term utilitarian has been attached and thereby prostituted, would consider this unwarrantable folly and extravagance. Education develops the poetical faculty, refines the taste, strengthens the judgment and the result is the true enjoyment of life. If the foregoing remarks are correct another problem yet remains to be solved. If poetical works continue as they have for the last century, how will posterity manage the flood of books with which they seem destined to be deluged? Will not the literary immortals of the present be thrown aside and be succeeded by those more novel? Taken at a superficial glance the difficulty might seem quite formidable; but by observing a few fea-

tures of human nature the trouble will vanish. The readers of the twentieth century will undoubtedly have a vast accession to their poetical treasures. Yet a truly worthy poet, we imagine will never suffer from the dust or neglect of the upper shelf. The fame of Pope, Dryden and Swift, has been somewhat obscured by their more brilliant rivals of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, but the cause of this is not owing to fondness of novelty in human nature, but rather to their intrinsic inferiority. We would pity that popular taste which would laud the disgusting vulgarity and versified prose of Dean Swift, or Dryden's miserable dramas, or Pope's too often gingling insipid rhyme, in preference to Campbell's chaste elegance, purity of diction and beauty of thought, or Byron's sublime descriptions of nature. Even if poetical works increase to such an extent that it would be impossible to peruse them all during life, each worthy author would ever have a group of admirers sufficient to repay the publisher for his trouble. There will be no difficulty in acquiring a superficial knowledge of meritorious works, which is as much as any ordinary man would desire. Even at the present day it would be presumption in the most learned to assert, that they possessed anything like a thorough knowledge of the world's literature. We cannot crowd politics, literature and science in the small space of life. We must therefore be content with a full knowledge of favorite authors and a superficial knowledge of the rest. Nothing can be more diverse than a taste for literature. Sir Walter Scott could not read Dante. Dante was Milton's delight. Thus it is with all men. It is a characteristic of our nature. Nothing can be more wisely disposed than this tendency of literature to accumulate. By this means each will study the author he most admires, and will instruct and delight others with novel thoughts either by lecture or conversation. The philosopher will amuse the retired gentleman with scientific truths. The private gentleman will return the obligation by discoursing on literature. One will read Moore, the other Campbell, and by intercommunication will gratify the passion of novelty and convey to each other valuable instruction. Robert Burns for long ages in his native vale, will be the hum-

ble plough-boy, singing to admiring groups those pathetic songs which have immortalized his name. The blind minstrel of Scotland, among the caves and rocks and hills, where the Celtic chieftains fought, where loyal Barons bled in defence of the emblazoned ensigns of *Royalty*, will pour forth manly tears for his dying country, and celebrate her past glory with the melancholy music of decay.

THE RIVER OF DEATH,

IN PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

I see a shrouded head, and mighty wings,
That show no gleam of purple or of gold,
Stretching their shadowy horrors over cold
And inky waves; whose ghastly glimmerings
In fading light, no clear horizon brings
To the strain'd sight, but mist and darkness roll'd
Mass upon mass; no sound but the faint lappings
Of greedy floods. Yet Christian, be thou bold!
For if these dazzled eyes behold aright,
I see, what thou can'st not, beyond thy night,
Radiance insufferable of angelic state,
Harps, wings, and faces, crowning every height
With one vast choir, which for thy coming wait.
To hymn thy entrance through the pearly gate.

BEAUTY PERISHABLE AND IMPERISHABLE.

Shaded with thought of his mortality,
The rose that's pluck'd, man ever deems most fair,
And the great sun, whose steady light all day
Draws scarce a single eye,—in its decay,
Dying a dolphin's death, with colors rare,
From half a world, calls forth the brood of care,
To gaze, admire, and weep, and blessed go away.

But when all tremulous with Time's hopes and fears,
This grand life-pageant sinks behind the West,
And the high heaven of stars, its skirtings clears
From all the cloudy traces of Earth's tears,—
Then man's immortal spirit stands confest,
In the calm joy of gazing, without rest,
On glories ever bright, beyond the sweep of years.

A SHORT CHAPTER UPON SLEEP.

Dear reader do not judge from our title that we design giving you a metaphysical discussion upon sleep; neither imagine for a moment that it is our intention either to defend or refute the arguments of the mighty Locke upon the doctrine "that the mind is not always active." We candidly acknowledge our inability for such an undertaking; or even had we the ability the inclination would be wanting. We think we can show independent of all logic that the star light hours—the hours of dreams is not, by far, the least pleasant spent by man. There is a time bequeathed to all, be it long or short, when we can unharness our mind from its pressing gear, when we can ease our limbs of the load strapt tightly on them by our first father, when he incurred the curse "by the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread," and having laid us down forget the world. The Statesman whose occupation has well been compared to the tempest worn mariner at the helm, strives to guide the ship of state safely through the whirlpools greedy for her wreck; his sleepless hours are all consumed in the slaving duties of his office, or in moody conjectures as to the opinions of his people. But to him there is an hour of calm, an hour when he can close his eyes upon the foaming whirlpool and dream of future glory, of triumphant arches erected o'er his path; of the shout of an exulting nation hailing him the noble chieftain of the land. The cripple who drags his weary way through the bustling world, who sighs to see the busy throng of youth and health bound merrily past, or tries with manly fortitude to bear meek-

ly the thoughtless jest and bitter taunt of fellow man, may live each night a different life. He may bound as nimbly on through smiling fields as the timid doe in its native vale; though his bed may be the grassy sward, and his pillow the moss covered stone.

The patriarch Jacob in his weary pilgrimage laid himself down upon the self same bed. The stones of his altar formed his pillow, yet on that night he saw the gates of heaven opened wide, and angels descending thence to guard his rustic couch. The criminal in the dungeon cell, condemned to die an ignominious death, to hang a mocking spectacle to hundreds like himself, can shut from view the horrid scene, and dream as sweetly as he was wont to do, when he sported a prattling child at his peaceful home. The noise without may be converted into cheerful laugh of friends; the iron chains, the embraces of a restored wife, and all may be gladness. 'Tis true the morn will come with all its stern realities, more painful from the dream, but this is but an after sense it injures not the first.

The candidate for honors in our own little sphere, may not only trim but extinguish the midnight lamp, and having for a time extracted Greek roots and Mathematical lines from his aching brain, calmly lay his head upon the pillow, and dream of future glory, when surrounded by class and friends he shall speak his "vale! vale!" The unearthly yells of the desperate Soph as he carries on his midnight revels below falls confusedly upon the sleeper's ear, and is converted by his fanciful dream into the cheers of an approving audience, the stamp of the assembled crowd. Is it not then one of our greatest blessings— . . . but hark, the old iron tongue of Nassau's dial is pealing the midnight hour, and telling us another day has been added to the past; and as we wish to be at morning prayers, we will say good night, and pleasant DREAMS.

SLEEPER.

THE RELATION OF MOTIVE TO MERIT.

There is perhaps no principle more deeply seated in our nature, or more inseparably connected with all our habits of thought and feeling and action, than that which vitalizes the incentive to every endeavor—the prospect of reward. In fact it may be called a law of nature, so universal is its influence and so powerful are its operations. It belongs to that system of economy which regulates all the creations of the Eternal One, and like them reflects the wisdom of the Creator. However much circumstances may modify its influence, its existence is neither derived from, nor dependent upon them. Its origin lies deep in the recesses of our nature. It is an element of our constitution, original and indestructible, the basis of all action, the life of all energy, the soul of all hope. We hazard nothing in the assertion that there can be no action without a reward. What labor is there, or can there be which will not receive it? The degree and kind may differ widely, but it is still a reward, whether qualified or not by the epithets, *due, just or adequate*. As the tiller of the soil is rewarded by its fruits, so likewise do those acts of benevolence and charity, known as the offspring of *disinterested motives*, because hidden from the knowledge of men, receive their requital in like manner, though in less degree, in the sensations of inward joy springing from consciousness of rectitude, to say nothing of that which is anticipated in another world. This last remark will serve to illustrate our meaning. It is this distinction between those rewards which are apparent to all, and those which are hidden from all but the Author of the action; or perhaps for sake of clearness the one might be called the result of interested, the other of disinterested motives, which leads us to consider how much the intrinsic value of an action may be affected by the character of the motive which induced it. The prospect of reward is indeed the motive of every action from murder to martyrdom. We must look therefore to the character of the motive if we would obtain a true estimate of the author's deserts. We are entitled to credit for all the good which we designed any action of ours to pro-

duce, but for no more. Because its immediate consequences of which perhaps we may never have even dreamt, cannot properly speaking be called ours.

Luther and the other great leaders of the reformation are deservedly praised for their opposition to the Pope, in denouncing the corruptions of the church, and bringing to light the true doctrines of the bible, which led to reformation, but would you attribute to him the endless chain of consequences which have followed directly or indirectly that reformation; consequences which he never could have anticipated, which none but an all-wise God could foresee and regulate? No more than you would attribute to a gun maker the murders of which it may be, made the instrument. He made the gun without which the murder might not have taken place. So Luther and others produced the reformation, without which these results might never have occurred, and yet the results occasioned by the existence of the one, cannot more properly be assigned to its author, than the consequences of the other to him who first set to work their cause. The gun-powder plot in the seventeenth century, gave an indirect impulse to the rise of Protestantism, and a blow at Catholicism in England through the persecution which followed, but do we ever hear Catesby or Percy eulogized as the authors of so glorious a consequence? They occasioned it, but not intentionally. It was their motive which doomed them to an earthly damnation from the frowns and curses and contempt of all honest men. It is motive then which gives not necessarily value to an action, but the due share of praise to its author. The inducements therefore which bring out an action necessarily weigh in the consideration of its author's merit. If strong—if it be ample and evident and certain reward which produced it, however great may be his just merits, they must be less than the deserts of him who acts not indeed disinterestedly, but without the inducement of popular plaudits or the reward of popular favor. We would not, we think, fall far short of the truth in asserting that our real merit as derived from our deeds is great or small according as the reward which induced them was small or great. It is but a trifling thing to act when

hope is full, and eager paints with her accustomed splendor, her certain realization. But when man struggles and toils with doubtful prospect of a victory which when obtained can at most but minister the solace of an inward gratification, a self-complacency consequent upon the success of an inward struggle whose power and glory none other can ever know, till virtue triumphant over vice, shall shed a resplendent light over his character and actions extorting the praise of man, gaining the smiles of God, then action becomes sublime, and the God-like in man stands revealed. The hero on the field of battle struggling for the freedom of nations, presents to us a picture of the moral sublime. But the cause for which he contends is a common cause, around which the dearest interest and warmest sympathies of nations cling, and full well he knows that when victory comes, millions rejoicing will eulogize his name, ages in gratitude will embalm his memory. This is the heroism which the world rewards with its undying admiration and praise. Far be it from us to disparage the glory of such deeds, or to attempt to tear from the hero's brow his well-earned laurels. But we do say that there are other fields where heroism as sublime, appears, unappreciated though it be, and without a herald to recount to the world the glory of its successful achievements. The hero struggles, but 'tis not for fame, nor the freedom of nations. The conflict is fierce and desperate, but the foe is invisible and the scene of action is unstained by blood. Unlike the heroism which the world admires, its contest ceases but with life. How many a brave heart rushing to the bloody conflict, knows no terror in the threatening vengeance of the sword amid the roar of cannon, and the clangor of arms, where the grim visage of death rises at every step to mock the vain triumphs of earth, who in the hour of quiet and solitude, shrinks from foes gathered in fearful array for the plunder of that soul to whose value the world's treasures and trash with the glories of freedom combined can offer no comparison, laying waste at every contact its purest, noblest inhabitants, those virtues which can alone elevate man above the demons of hell, and bid him rise in hope to the immortality of heaven. There is a courage and a firm-

ness required in resisting those inward treacherous foes. Foes which once defeated, returned again to renew the combat, disguised in their glittering panoply, and when virtue victorious rises in her giant strength, and hurls the base intruders from her empire, hang like pirates forever on her borders. Collect the heroes and statesmen whose deeds light up the historic page and apply this test to the solidity of that basis upon which they profess to rear their splendid superstructure of character. Thin indeed would become the catalogue of illustrious heroes. Dim shadows of moral corruption creeping o'er the face of their private characters perhaps would veil in gloom the brightness of their fame. This heroism of the soul has its reward but 'tis not of earth, it lies beyond the terrors of the tomb. What a comment does this inappreciation of moral worth present upon the inconsistency at least, if not the fluidness and degeneracy of our race? We profess and, in matters of less moment, do act upon the principle that the worth of valuable things increases with their scarcity and yet this the rarest of human attainments—the most valuable gift to society is forgotten by the majority or else deemed a subject unworthy of praise—no ground for distinction—no element of worth. Oh! could the world but bestow upon the triumphs of virtue as revealed in the purity of private character, half the praise she delights to lavish upon the sagacity of corrupt statesmen and the conquests of bloody warriors, what a change would pass over the face of the moral world? What a purifying of judgments? What a revolutionizing of opinions and sentiments? What vigor and life would animate the decayed frame of our social nature? What a splendor would light up the march of man to the tomb and make even this last, cold resting place the prelude to eternal bliss?

THE RETURNED GRADUATE.

My Commencement had at last arrived and passed. The time I had spent in Nassau Hall, during which I had seen two

successive classes leave me first Soph, and then Junior, defunct, now seemed to have passed away like a Christmas holiday, leaving a thousand impressions of its pleasures but none of its length. Armed with two diplomas I was sailing down the great Mississippi on my way to my home in J—— county Arkansas. At the mouth of the Arkansas river I landed on a wharf-boat to wait for a conveyance up the river. It was not long before my impatience was relieved by the sight of the majestic approach of the "Cotton Plant." As this vessel neared the wharf I eagerly stepped aboard of her and was soon on my way up the Arkansas. My first business was to take a survey of my new quarters, to look around among the passengers and exercise what I fancied was my skill in observing characters, and also to see if I could find a pretty face if by chance a female should make her appearance. No beauty in sight. But among the men passengers, my attention was attracted by a good-looking gayly dressed young Indian who stood gazing out on the immense forest of cotton-wood that covered the banks of the river. He seemed to have taken advantage of his visit to New Orleans in providing the most tasty articles for his dress. Every few minutes he would thrust his hand into his bosom as if to feel for something, and then withdraw it with apparent satisfaction. At last he drew out a small bundle and carefully unfolded it. My curiosity being a little excited I slyly glanced at his bundle to see what it was. I discovered nothing but a red silk handkerchief of flashy but rather elegant figuring. After looking at it with a complaisance evinced by some other expression than a smile, he folded it up again and replaced it in his bosom. Just before we reached a little town called Napoleon he supplied himself with a bottle filled with brandy. This he placed in the same receptacle with the fine present for his lady-love, (as I conjectured the handkerchief to be) and now began to take it out as often as he had the bundle. As we approached Napoleon I saw from his movements that it was his intention to stop there. Just before leaving the position he had taken among some boxes he gave his bottle a farewell taste and hurried off the boat. We were immediately on our way again,

and passing near the place where the young Indian had reclined, I found the precious bundle which he seemed to have dropped in taking out his bottle. Of course I took possession. I had almost forgotten the occurrence when I disembarked at Little Rock and proceeded to my home in a village a few miles off. The delight I found in meeting my old friends may easily be guessed. Next day on going out into the village with the red handkerchief still about me, I soon learned that there was to be a party there that night, and I resolved to take that opportunity of renewing my acquaintance with the young people of the vicinity. When the party were assembled I could observe that I was an object of considerable attention both among the belles and the beaux. "Who is he?" "That is Mr. B. a graduate of Princeton College," was whispered round. But I soon discovered another evidence of my importance. Almost every youngster around was displaying a flaming red handkerchief. They had seen me with the Indian's lost finery and had no doubt that I was following the prevailing fashion, and most elegant taste in choosing that color. In casting my eye among the ladies, I found one of remarkable complexion and features and yet very young and beautiful, who seemed not to enjoy the general mirth, and even to be suffering great uneasiness. I soon secured an introduction and endeavored indirectly to remove her sadness. The more I conversed with her the better I was pleased, and my attentions were by no means unwelcome to her, though I could still see that something was troubling her. In an hour or two I became so familiar that I ventured to ask why she did not participate in the cheerfulness of the occasion. She would have waived the question, but the tears began to glisten under her long eye-lashes and she was compelled to explain. "Dont you see," she said with child-like simplicity, "that they have all just bought red handkerchiefs to make fun of me because Indians love that color and my mother was an Indian woman?" I endeavored to remove her suspicions by saying it was a mere accident or if intended at all, was the result of a capricious fancy for that kind of uniform. Still she seemed not entirely satisfied; so I tried another resource. "I hope," said

I, "that you will believe that *I* at least entertain for you feelings far different from those which would prompt or even allow ridicule. See I also have a red handkerchief." This seemed to give her assurance which was still farther confirmed when I hinted that mine was the origin of the fashion. I then related to her the accident by which it came into my possession. My sympathy had already been very deeply moved towards her by seeing her as she imagined, in so unpleasant a situation, and I was equally charmed with her sprightliness when the cause of her uneasiness was removed. Her gratitude to me seemed as great as if I had rescued her from some imminent peril. Indeed a female of delicate sensibility will feel more indebted to the man who shields her from withering ridicule, than to him who wards off the greatest danger. My interest and regard for her was rather increased by the peculiarity of her parentage. After our separation on the night of the party, I suffered but a few days to pass before I visited her at her father's house. He was quite a respectable citizen and had remained a widower since the death of his Indian wife who had left him only the beautiful Mary to cheer his home. My first favorable impressions were so well confirmed by the kind and graceful reception she gave me, that I had not been home more than a week when I found myself deeply in love. I was at her father's house about a month afterwards, when a considerable sensation was produced by the arrival of her uncle, a younger brother of her mother's, together with his young bride. I immediately recognized him as the same who had lost the handkerchief. I gladly returned it and had the pleasure of seeing it around the neck for which it was originally intended. In the mean time I became more and more convinced of the superior but singular beauty produced by the union of different races; have married the fair Mary and possess a still further proof of the advantages of amalgamation in the person of a fine promising boy, who however has an unconquerable fondness for red handkerchiefs.

ALUMNUS.

AN EXTRACT.

Oft sweet mem'ry sought my native valley,
A sleepy spot where wandered chrystal streams,
Through groves of knotty oak and pine and beach.
Here stood my father's cot—an humble dwelling,
Adorned with rustic lattice work—on which
Did creep a noble vine of Jessamine
With yellow flowers gemmed, that poured on Eve's
Gay lap, the richest floods of woody sweets.
Around it stood Magnolias, thick and spreading,
And robed in dark, green leaves that bloomed with flowers,
Of fragrant whiteness—marbled dell, where bees
Frequent 'neath sunbeams straggling through the gloom,
Seem steeped in honeyed slumber or perhaps
Did ply themselves to their soft and fragrant labors,
With buzzing music; filling the wild woods—
The flower petals with their mid day songs.
And near the little beds of growing blossoms
Circling my home, stood round a dingle, shady,
Cool, quiet, where a spring with rough stones dammed,
Did from its pebbled bottom bubble up
Fine silver sands quite near a rustic bower;
And as its joyful waters trickled off,
O'er mossy rocks, they filled the blossomed forests.
With dreamy sounds of little water-falls.
Here I was wont to come at hot noon time,
To be lulled to sweet and happy summer slumbers
By the gladsome noise of trickling streams,—
In easy posture stretched out on the grass
Midst flowers which fringed the gliding brook.
Betimes I'd dream of Persia's dense, green forests—
Of fairy rivers whose tides did wind
Their grassy ways through warbling woods—enchanted
Neath oriental skies whose sapphire vaults,
E'er palely blaze with groups of dreamy stars.
My father was a poor old man; hoar age
Had silvered o'er his head—his cheeks had furrowed,
With deep and sallow care; yet kind old soul,
He did display the energy of youth,
And e'en would court the weary chase. Ah! it was
A lovely—happy valley—where e'er reigned
Contentment, Peace and Joy and chastest Virtue.
It was a woody dell of rare perfumes
And soft and dreamy melody; methinks,
A spot such as a poet feign would love.

But alas! ere long red Battle grim with blood
And dust, did wave his murder reeking sword,
And don his bloody robes and cry for war,
And bade us weep for slaughtered countrymen
And mourn the burning, smoky desolation
Of noblest cities. And I saw my home
To ashy ruins razed— my *father dead*,
And mangled—lying near the smouldering pile ;
And on his marble brow and pallid lips
O'er stained with drops of blood—I gazed and wept
'S if Death who sprinkled those silver hairs with dust
Had ta'n away *all* joy and left me misery.
In many hamlets too, I saw where soldiers,
With wanton cruelty, hurled the blazing brand,—
Around us spreading fire and wide destruction.
It was a horrid sight to view that vale
With stiffened corpses strewn—its blossoms blooded,
Its vineyards where once did dance happy villagers,
Amidst the mingled sounds of merry timbrels—
Crushed by the iron tramp of ruthless War ;
And its streams on their glassy bosoms rolling away
The life blood of the noblest, bravest patriots!
Alas! fairest Freedom has left the vale of my fathers,
Oppression's driven me forth shivering with poverty
And now I wander in the land of strangers—
A poor and needy man—of sufferings great—
Of bitter griefs that rack my soul with pain.

NATURE'S MUSIC.

There is music sweet in the rustling leaves
As they give their notes to the passing breeze,
As they twine around some rustic bower,
And sing their love to each fragrant flower.
There is music too in the rippling stream,
As it bubbles on through the meadows green,
As it scatters its spray on the lily's breast
That glitters beneath the far beaming west.
And far sweeter yet is the gladdening note
That bursts from the little warbler's throat,
As he woos his mate on the old elm limb,
Or buffets the breeze with outstretched wing.
There is melody in the summer cloud

Where the lightnings play with the thunder loud,
That e'er rolls its peals through the vaulted waste
And drowns the storm with its angry bass
When the driving wind makes the ocean to roar,
And hurls its waves on the rocky shore,
A music floats on his tossing breast,
And breaks from the foam of his snowy crest.
The old church bell, o'er hurried evening rings
Drowns the owlets cry, the raven's croakings,
Tolls sweet, and clear, on the morning air,
And with music chimes for vesper prayer.
From the crickets chirp; from the insects wing;
From the waving grass; from the gushing spring;
From the maiden's laugh; from the mother's kiss;
There is music breathing happiness.

THE VALE UNKNOWN TO SONG.

There is a Vale unknown to song,
Where bright the waters roll along;
The tiny wave, in frolic-leaps,
Is rippling o'er the sun-bright sand.
Or, sweetly round his knoll it sweeps,
Where fairy bubbles circling stand.
And here, full oft my frolic hand
Hath trac'd upon the pale pure sand.
The name of many a lovely fair;
To whom a brother's love was dear,
And every name engraven *there*,
Oh who, could deem the hours that pass'd
Were all too pure too bright to last.

The forest oak frowns darkly *there*,
And far beyond his giant bough,
The lofty *Dome*, with columns fair,
Is glittering in the sun-beams now,
And *then* the sound of music oft
In lapses floated sweetly by;
And every strain, that rose so soft
Had lustre lent to beauty's eye;
And as the notes flew richly o'er
The rippling wave—the sandy shore,
The wanton breeze, that loitered round,

Seem'd loth to lose the choral sound.
 Till mingling with the wild wood's play,
 Its nestling sweetness died away—
 Oh who could deem the hours that pass'd
 Were *all* too pure—too bright to last.

FRANK BAKER

Killed by Deshay of Kentucky,—These lines were written on the bank of Cole's Creek, Miss., 1825.

A MORNING CHAT.

I wish to correct a popular error. It is generally supposed that it was Burns's intention in those celebrated lines,

"Ye banks and braes of Bonny Doon,"

to celebrate his own ambling palfrey on which he was not unfrequently rocked, as it were in the cradle of the deep. Indeed the words would strongly argue this to be the interpretation, for the reason thus: What animal is it, (say the followers of this belief,) that brays, and as Burns's more frequently used the Scottish dialect than the English, they think they have good reason to believe that the word which he orthographizes as "*Braes*," is no less a word than that signifying the melody of that quadruped called by the ancients "*ovos*," by the moderns "*the long eared*." Then too "*Bonny*," they say is a word coined from the fact that these animals were always meagre and bony; from bony it was changed into "*bonny*," hence the ladies always called their palfreys bonny "*Banks*," also signified in the Caledonian dialect *bangs*. The grooms of yore used not unfrequently to bang and bruise these singularly patient animals, insomuch that they would bray simultaneously with every blow of the cudgel. Which sound the ladies hearing from the distance would gently designate with their soft and sweet voices "*Bang*" "*Bang*," just as little boys when they hear the report of a gun put up their tiny fingers to the passing bird and cry out "*Bang, Bang*." And now we come to the last word in the sentence "*Doon*." This is a word of Slavonic origin, and

may only be found as it was used primarily in a venerable vocabulary, treasured much by the learned librarian of the Edinburgh Archives. "It hath been derived," says this reverend chronicler of the past "from twain remarkable verbatations, and is of eccentric combination, and hath doubtless caused, and will continue to cause much horrible, and abusive disputation. Those twain verbatations may be, and truely are '*dough*' and '*on*.' Now as bakers were in the habit of peddling their bread by one of these animals, so just before they left their shop door, and as soon as they had placed their trumpery upon the beast, they would say '*dough*' '*on*' or done. That is to say the bread which was made of dough, was done and on the donkey's back. But we have no right to suppose that a thing is done until it is "*dene brown*," and it is naturally supposable that it was *burned brown*, therefore it must have been done, and as donkeys may be of a *Dun* color, Burns through poetic license, called his nag "*Doon*," so if we put a key to the last word, we shall have a key to the whole sentence, thus, then it readeth :

Ye bangs and brays of bonny donkey.

But as plausible and full of precious edification, as this explanation may appear, yet it is I am sorry to say pregnant with abominable and loathsome heresy, for I need but give the derivation of one simple word, and lo ! the sentence is no longer mysterious. Thus it is well known that upon the coast of Scotland and Ireland the action of the wind causes the accumulation of large sandhills, which frequently bury houses and people. These we scientific men call by the appropriate name of Dunes. Now this fact we think was known to Burns, who in various parts of his works speaks of those vast and stupendous Dunes and not unfrequently tells us of pretty doings between smiling girls and rosy boys. And therefore, Burns with the poetic fire burning within him, saw these things in imagination and justly thought that as the wind would roar around them and the children cry at night there would be a sound very much like a *bray*. This we consider satisfactory if it is not we challenge all the commentators in the known world to give a better one.

MARY T. BURNS.

THE DOMINIE'S FRIGHT.

I bear an English heart,
Unused at ghosts and rattling bones to start!

In that dubious period, which seems to furnish such an unusual quantity and variety of incident to modern story-tellers, sometime ago, and in that no less uncertain locality, somewhere flourished a superannuated M. D., whom we shall distinguish, and whom the reader may recognize as Dr. Fulcrumb.

He had passed that more profitable portion of life which is denominated the meridian, and had entered upon an irreclaimable dotage. And it was in view of this as well as some other circumstances, that he had taken upon himself the education of a number of young lads, the children and inmates of the family of an old friend, whose house he had made his home since he retired from practice.

Much as the Doctor was beloved by his pupils, still, coming into hourly contact with him as they did in the family circle, they could not long remain ignorant of his various weaknesses and foibles. Thus he was not unfrequently imposed upon by his observing charge, much to the detriment of his gravity and their improvement. We will relate an instance:

One pleasant morning, the last of a few which had succeeded a long and dull season of uninterrupted study, and of unrelished attention to books. Arthur and Harry, the ringleaders of no minority of the disturbances, met by chance, in the Professor's room, the same in which he was wont to pursue his delightful task of "teaching the young idea how to shoot."

They had unconsciously strolled thither at an earlier hour than that regularly designated for assembling by the punctilious Doctor, and their looks betokened anything but a relish for the day's work before them. They were at once indolent, martyr-like, as though they had finally reconciled themselves to an irrevocable dusting and were now awaiting a tedious fulfilment of the same.

They sat down and engaged themselves for a time in mutually denouncing the hard lot of that particularly deserving and

interesting class of community, to which they had the honor to form no unimportant auxiliaries. But this subject though all-absorbing was dropped for one more cogenial, which had popped into the "devils-work-shop" of Arthur.

"Harry" said he, after that person had suspended his comments upon the abuse of authority by a certain class of potentates. "I say Harry, I propose a grand spree." "Arthur" said the worthy addressed, in a very solemn, decided tone, "I second the proposal."

With this apparently satisfactory and laconic prelude, the hopefuls retired to mature the said "spree."

Arthur, Harry and Little Tom, (as a new confederate was familiarly nicknamed,) were late at the irrespective places that morning, and though Dr. Fulcrumb mentioned the fact in reproach, still that, with many other previous misdemeanors, were forgotten in the unusual assiduity with which they applied themselves to their various labors during the day.

The worthy Doctor noticed their renewed application and hailed the event as ominous of a corresponding increase in the wisdom and prudence of his pupils. It would have taken a pair of more unspectacled eyes than his to have seen the mischievous smiles lurking around the countenances of three of their number, or to have noticed the mysterious glances and signs which passed through that particular trio, yet, that they did pass and re-pass until the afternoon's dismissal, is a fact impressed on the memory of their inquisitive initiated neighbors.

There were two entrances to the Dominic's apartment, one of which led from the hall, and the other opened on a piazza which hung over the lower windows of the building. The Doctor usually passed many hours of the night in this place, over his favorite tomes and folios, where his friends seldom interfered with his absorbing duties, except when any of his scholars stole in to procure some interesting book, or to state some subject in debate, which had been referred to his judgment for final decision.

Evening came, and found the important trio gathered in the room of the chief conspirator canvassing the merits of the plan

selected and calculating the chances of detection in its execution.

At length apparently satisfied, they left the room, and wended their way around the house, till they came to the piazza. This Arthur ascended noiselessly, by means of a ladder, and proceeded to reconnoitre the field of their operations. Having satisfied himself that the door was unlocked, and that his worthy preceptor was as deeply engaged as usual, he descended the ladder and informed his companions. The next in order, was to produce a mysterious looking box which had evidently been prepared in anticipation, and to convey it up to the piazza and place it directly in front of the occupied chamber, after two lanterns had been taken from it and lit by Harry. They then retired to the edge of the platform, and Arthur commenced to give Little Tommy some very particular instructions as to the important part he was to act in the coming event. He listened with deep attention to the undertoned words of his fellow, and in a moment retired down the ladder and around the house, which he entered and ascending the stairs, sought the Doctor's room. Then modestly knocking at the door, he received a kind invitation to "come in," he entered without hesitation.

"Doctor," said he, after declining the seat which had been proffered him. "I noticed in your library, some time since, a fine copy of *the Arabian Nights*, have you any objection to my taking it this evening?"

"Certainly not Tommy, but be very careful of it and return it immediately after you have finished with it."

"Of course, I will," said the young rascal as Dr. Fulcrumb handed him the volume, at the same time casting several furtive, uneasy, glances toward the piazza door, then appearing to linger a moment, he glanced his eye upon the library which was stationed directly over the table at which his preceptor sat, and opposite the door which he continued to watch with mingled interest and anxiety.

"Doctor," said he again, feeling rather awkward at the pause. "Doctor, isn't that something of a rare work?" and he pointed toward the collection before him.

This preceptor found it rather difficult to discover the distinct

volume to which he alluded, inasmuch as his finger so far from designating any particular direction, rather described a semicircle than otherwise, at the same instant a low whistle fell on the ear of the trembling Tommy. The Doctor noticed his trepidation but, not bearing the signal, immediately attributed it to a habitual embarrassment and wishing to relieve it, said accordingly—

“Which do you mean, my son?”

“That one there,” said he hurriedly at the same time stretching out his hand as tho’ he would take it, but (accidentally?) his hand struck the lamp so violently that it not only fell over, but rolled from the table to the floor, leaving them in darkness. Dr. Fulcrumb was about giving vent to a few impatient exclamations, when three distinct claps, coming from the piazza attracted his attention that way. He turned his eyes, the door opened violently, holy horrors! a sight to curdle the blood of a locomotive, exalted the few remaining hairs of his head and caused the tardy blood to rush in a perfect torrent to his heart. Lo! heavy, blue, sulphurous fumes rose before the entrance, while a dark and malignant figure in a threatening attitude, with a head like a huge ball of fire rose behind and was dimly discernable through the cloud which barred the entrance. The light served to render the scene still more ghostly, as it not only made the fumes sickishly transparent, but threw a deadly pallor over every object in the apartment.

The Doctor sat with his eyes riveted on the apparition before him, when one of its brawny arms was slowly exalted till it reached a horizontal attitude toward himself. Then it was, that an indefinable feeling of dread, a qualmish insensibility began to creep over him. Rousing himself with a powerful effort he darted toward the door and not daring to cast another look around him, burst it open and rushed screaming down the stairs. An old domestic catching from his hurried remarks that his room had proved too hot for him, hurried up there alone in time to see Little Tommy stretched upon the floor, to all intents, the very picture of fright and despair, while the ghost still occupied his indomitable position.

The old lady had a deep, abiding faith in the efficacy of the Bible in such cases of supernatural illusion and had provided herself with one at this time in anticipation of an occasion for its use. She gazed for a moment at the unmoveable figure before her, and then elevating her book hurled it toward the entrance. The charm had the desired effect, for the disturber vanished immediately. But she had hardly time to collect her scattered senses, before another and another of such as might have been attendant spirits flitted past the entrance with heads of fire like the first but mounted upon huge broomsticks, from time immemorial the favorite steeds of supernatural visitors, a moment more and the fumes disappeared, the sticks and their riders evanished, the door closed, the old lady sunk in a swoon and all was still.

The family soon came in and the old aunt was revived to tell her wonderful tale, every word of which, being endorsed by the horror-stricken Doctor was swallowed in silence by the listeners. A search was immediately commenced, but the searchers were non-plussed at the very outset, the mysterious door was locked and the *key on the inside*, how could it be? No one had been in the room since the occurrence, Tommy to be sure, came out of there during the course of aunt Molly's tale but he was trembling (poor boy!) and almost frightened out of his wits. 'Twas "strange, passing strange." No further evidence was elicited except that the piazza and the Doctor's room were perfectly untenable on account of the strong smell of sulphur which abounded thereabouts. The absence of Arthur and Henry, was easily accounted for as they were supposed to have left early in the evening for the house of a distant friend and were not expected back until morning.

The remainder of the night was passed by all save the younger members of the family in a sleepless unsatisfactory manner, but the two delinquents who had taken quarters in the barn though quite as little inclined to sleep were far from feeling dissatisfied with their night's work.

It is only necessary that the reader should be made acquainted with the fact that the box which was placed before the Do-

minie's door, contained a bountiful supply of sulphur, which being ignited sent up volumes of blue vapor; they in their turn being rendered quite transparent by the lantern on Arthur's head as he stood behind them in his costume. As the book from the old aunt's hand came rushing through the fumes, Henry who stood ready for any emergency, dashed past the entrance three or four times and finally closed the door, which ended the scene.

They had arranged their plan of operations, not without due considerations of the particular hobby of their worthy preceptor—his disbelief in the existence of anything like ghosts, hobgoblins, or aught so far supernatural that it might be attributed to any of the various agencies which are said to give rise to such visitations generally. And they succeeded well.

Morning came. The Doctor, looked resigned, the family, inquiring and anxious; the boys, about as usual, and so continued for many days, till the excitement of the affair had somewhat blown over; but the fear of a repetition of the visit kept up the fears of all, especially the Dominie and the old Aunt. With them it was an abiding mystery, till the disclosure of the facts some months after by Little Tommy to the Doctor, and by him to the whole household, proved another era in the dull routine of the student's life.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

Readers, here we are once more with our "quips and cranks and wanton wiles," and hope that the quality and variety of our articles will satisfy all.

Our Street is again beginning to present its usual array of beauty—enticed from home we presume by golden sunsets or a desire to enjoy the evening air and possibly to dedicate their beauty—not to the sun—but what's better, the beaux. We are frequently delighted by observing brilliant groups of beauties with flashy, streaming ribbons, gay bouquets, bright plumed bonnets—crimson, purple or white shawls, rivalling the beams of the sun and almost dazzling the vigilant eyes of their admirers. It certainly gladdens the heart to gaze

on a sweet oval face enwreathed in bright smiles and circled with artificial flowers, or the light and graceful form gliding along the street with all the nonchalance of some little elf; or to watch the motions of some child of romance and love sinking in raptures as he hears the ringing laugh or the polite "good evening." There are but few places that will equal Princeton in beauty!

The spring fever is becoming epidemical. At least if we judge from the appearance of the campus—its pale, sick, refeed famished groups with their bony lengths extended on the turf and looking as if they had a sort of "hankering after grass."

By-the-by we had an awful report of something that happened in old North a few weeks ago and as yet have not recovered from the swoon in which it threw us. We were sitting in our dim sanctum dreaming of futurity over a segar stump that projected from our upper lip, when we heard an awful scratching, scraping and tramping without and suddenly our door flew open with a loud crash, revealing the editorial reporter puffing and blowing like a "man out of breath." He informed us that old North was swarming with logs of wood that seemed to have become suddenly animated, and mysteriously left the campus, roaming like guilty wretches through the entry amidst "darkness and gnashing of teeth." Said he "they utter strange and terrible prophesies, muttering at times, 'expulsion sure!' 'too bad!' 'oh my hands got a splinter!' ah! 'run to the other window fellows the faculty's got a ladder,' etc. The frightened fresh do solemnly repeat these fearful expressions in dark corners, and the trees and rocks midst the terrible gloom do echo the strange sounds, and the cunning but now fear-stricken sophs do stammer forth the mystic warnings and tremble with fear in their snug chambers, like little mice midst the warm corn shucks fearing an invasion from some hungry raging band of cats, who are stealthily and unsuspectingly creeping over their strawy beds or standing around midst the gloom and holding awful consultations as to what must be done. Thus reported our herald and suddenly our hair acquired a strange affinity for the ceiling. As we thus sat frightened into shaking muteness, we heard a rattling noise in our wood box and lo and behold the sticks were stalking off like ghosts, gliding stealthily along until they passed the sacred portals of our sanctum, then clattering rapidly away like a troop of horsemen. We immediately rushed after the crazy logs when suddenly we were felled by a severe blow, and when on opening our eyes that seemed to have been closed by the jar, we discovered the editorial chair at our feet mashed into a cocked hat—its legs shattered, its bottom split—and we strongly suspected that the mice had mistaken us for Mr. Old Buck and gnawed away our support—while we dreamed.

Mustachios and imperials now seem to be the rage in every quarter. The Fresh hardly recovers from the fright of examinations and that awful trance in which he is thrown by the mysterious, self-important air of the senior, before he talks of raising a long grizzly goatie. This important object is gener-

ally effected by the time he struts across the campus, with the mischief-twinkling eye and pompous pride of a Soph. Then for all the old ink bottles, blacking boxes, that Lord Viscount Sweeny can scrape from the barracks and dusty cellars, But alas! poor fellow he makes the fatal discovery that they can only be produced by a great absorption of brains. His dreams become of the most horrid description. He sees in his visions ghosts of all the *hairy* tribes—monkeys, Hottentots, donkeys, and each pronouncing a warning, "be-ware! folly has robed us in these grizzly coats." In such circumstances some would be satisfied with the appearance of a shaved goat, while other poor souls, deluded by exquisites, the witches of fashion continue on in their folly, and as old Mrs. Partington would say, even think of turning out whiskers all over. Then perhaps he indulges in the wild music of song—decks himself up with brass button coats, neatly tied cravats, cut-throat standers, patent leather boots, polished beaver, twirls with the grace of "Jonny" Crappo his fancy cane, puts on a consequential, swell-toad air and caps the climax by going on a perfect splurge. Possibly at times, he compares himself to Milton or some great genius of by-gone ages. But alas! vanity—speckled wretch—must have a fall. Public opinion is its looking glass; and our friend at last beholds his reflection. Oh! his ears are longer than of yore. His verses no longer please the tittering damsels; and "horrible dictu" he suddenly finds himself, midst a great drove of those musical animals, animated organs, galloping along at the rate of ten miles per hour, raising an awful dust, neighing, braying, clattering, kicking—he trying to extricate himself from impending ruin but so mingled in and crowded on that he can't—and still would'nt if he could on account of that mysterious hankering for "yeba" (herbs) and desire to go ahead—press on a distraction to hypochondriacs—the death of old maids running to assault him with broom-sticks, and the amusement of little boys laughing and clapping their hands in merry glee! But hold on, our imagination is running away on a donkey! This is a hyperbolic and perhaps a diabolical picture, so we'll stop and see what our correspondent in the Moon says. Concerning the fair sex he remarks, "just imagine the dear little creatures beneath a bright Moon, midst snow covered mountains, hills and forests, seated each side of me in a splendid sleigh, gliding along at the rate of five knots an hour. Just imagine what a royal appearance they made. Each bright blue eye sparkling with fun—each rosy cheek and coral lip lit with sweet smiles—each head of auburn ringlets, mingled in gay confusion with red and blue ribbons and streaming behind in the moonlight breeze; they laughing and talking, the sleigh bells merrily ginging—the smoking horses with clumsy hoofs scattering the snow in every direction—pawing, scraping, leaping, snorting, stumbling, now and then giving one of the beauties a delicate dab in the eyes, or hurling the icy crystals on their necks in broken beauty. I of course happy as a bee between two big sun flowers, drawing away on a noble old regalia and shouting out in the latest style, 'ga lang, Jim!' 'Cum up, Sar.' But this aint all. To hear their screams and giggling,

ha! ha! ha! he! he! he! and exclamations of 'how cold' as the snow breaks over their faces. Then a crack of the whip, sudden start of the horses, jostle of sleigh and the fair ones in a graceful line simultaneously leaning back, and quickly again resuming their position and greeting me with the second edition of screams and laughs, interspersed with sharp clamorous, squealing exclamations, 'O dont go so fast,' 'why you'll turn over, Ichabod!' And sure enough the first thing we know over goes the whole ambrosial freight on a big snow bank; and O for the faintings, swoons and screams, and showers of gentle reproaches rattling 'round a fellows ears like hail stones—lovely, heavenly slaps on my cheeks with their delicate hands, and a low musical laugh and as weet 'dont you do that again,' indicating a half wish that I would straight way commit the same blunder. What fascination beams from woman's eyes? But alas! they are like stars, they shine brightest at night. Place them in a splendid drawing room, with gilded ceiling and lighted up with brilliant chandeliers circled with masses of blazing pendants, with lots of beaus, robed in white satin vests, all whirling in dance, reveling midst joke and laughter, midst the music of 'martial brass,' and they will turn a man's brain topsy turvy and set his heart to thumping like a fish in the mud, or more classically like a crazy rat in a flour barrel trying to escape. But let old Mr. Day with his burning eye take a peep on the revellers and beauty departs leaving sleepy, wine wrecked lovers. The loveliness of the virgins vanisheth away like dew drops on morning flowers, leaving pale cheeks, dull eyes, ashy lips, mere wrecks of the playful beauty that dazzled the night before.

ICHABOD CRANE."

We hope our correspondent will remember Sleepy Hollow; the vicious old plough horse with his hamer head, rusty mane, bur tangled tail, and blind eye, on which his great grand uncle Craney, rode to old Van Yassels, bent on a courting spree. We hope he will remember uncle Craney's appearance, his sharp grasshopper elbows, small wool hat resting on the top of his nose, his arms that fapped when he rode, like the wings of chanticleer jumping on a fence to chaint his morning song, the long skirts of his patch coat. We hope he will remember his approach to the residence of the lovely Miss Katrina; how his heart jumped, how his great green eyes rolled over the fat meadow lands, the rich fields of wheat, rye, buckwheat and corn, and orchards of ruddy fruit, how the rounded rosy cheeked Dutch lassies giggling in the corner of the old dusky parlor, ridiculed his big green goggles, how uncle Craney chuckled at the smoking dishes, the supper table sending up its savory wreaths of steam from warm meats. We hope he will remember with what a peculiar gusto his good old kinsman swallowed the roast pigs, apple pies and corn cakes, and then his final rejection. We hope our friend will profit by the warning which Geoffrey Crayon has given in this eloquent scene of disappointed love. Next comes the bachelor.

I'll live right merrily,
 While winds of Winter whistle 'round,
 My home so drearily,
 And tinkling sleigh bells softly sound,
 I'll sing right merrily
 With pipe and book by faggot blaze,
 While out so drearily,
 The thunder sings his pealing lays.
 The girls may laugh
 And happy matrons say I'm cross,
 But who f'ra half
 A manly whole would give! what loss?
 Tho' virgins call
 Themselves the sweeter—better half,
 I'll ne'er give all
 A whole man for a damsel's laugh.

This fellow don't deserve a wife! Political Infatuation, is an excellent piece, but too long for insertion. We will hand it to our successor. The rose of — in some parts beautiful, in others too obscure for our comprehension. True excellence of life, shows a want of language, and is rather superficial in parts. But hold! our space is becoming short, and we must curtail our remarks. To our classmates and subscribers we say adieu, and bid them God speed. We resign the editorial chair to our worthy successor and send forth our little book, in hopes all will be indulgent to the little volume and forgive the many faults which we have no doubt it contains. Lillipwtian critics determine to make battle—to pelt us with snow drops and beat us with sunbeams—we can console ourselves with the fact that our dips will enable us to fly far beyond their missels to soar over flood and field until we reach our Southern home—"the land of the lemon and orange." To classmates we present our thanks for the honor conferred—to all we say "farewell."

EDITOR.


TO OUR EXCHANGES.

We have received the "Jefferson Monument Magazine," the "Georgia University," the regular numbers of the "Erskine Miscellany and Boston Evening Gazette." Also the "Washington and Randolph, and Macon Magazine."

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